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'JACK' SULLIVAN LOSES CONTEST TO 'SAILOR' BURKE

Brooklyn Middleweight in Rough Battle Had the Better of Cambridge Boxer.

"Sailor" Burke did all the forcing and landed the cleaner blows, easily ending the decision over "Jack" Sullivan in a ten-round contest last night at the Marathon Athletic Club in Brooklyn. In clinches was where the men did their most effective work, and Burke, having the advantage of youth and strength, had the Cambridge boxer in serious straits in several rounds.

There was a sensational finish to the contest. The bell sounded for the end of the tenth round, but the boxers continued to slam one another round the ring. The referee, from his exertions in breaking the boxers throughout the bout, was helpless, and not until "Mike" Sullivan and "Kid" Griffin jumped into the ring could the mill be stopped. This was more than a minute after the going had sounded announcing the bout.

If Burke had listened to the advice of his seconds he probably would have won before the limit. But the one bad feature of the Brooklyn middleweight is that he cannot be instructed. He rushed wildly round after round last night, only to find his wild swings either blocked or ducked. Each time he steadied himself he had Sullivan bewildered with stiff punches he drove home to the head. Evidently making a desperate effort to win by a knockout, Sullivan was the aggressor at the opening of the tenth round and landed two good punches before Burke found himself. Sullivan then ran into a brace of left jabs to the face and two rights to the body when he went into clinch and held on. The bell sounded, but the men refused to stop and in Burke's corner continued to punch one another and could not be pulled apart until the seconds jumped into the ring.

HOTEL BURN'D, THREE ARE DEAD

(Special from United Press.)

Montreal, March 23.—At Cornwall, Ont., early to-day, three persons were burned to death, two injured while twenty others narrowly escaped the same fate, when fire destroyed the Windsor Hotel. The dead are: George Hagley and John Gallen, both of Philadelphia, and Raymond Duquette of Winchester, Pa.

SUCCEED IN REACHING THE SOUTH POLE

(Special from United Press.)

London, March 23.—The Pall Mall Gazette to-day says: "We learn from information received in London that the British Antarctic expedition on the ship *Norwegian* succeeded in reaching the South Pole. The expedition was in charge of Lieutenant Shackleton. The news was received via cable from New Zealand this morning."

FRATERNAL ORDER OF CONNECTICUT

Liberty Council will hold a gala evening to-night in their hall, 60 Beach street.

A delegation of 25 headed by Geo. E. Bennett, C. C. of Woodruff Council, New Haven, will be present and also another delegation from Lincoln Council of this city, headed by Attorney W. W. East, C. C. of that lodge, besides members from Union Council.

Ten candidates will be initiated by a crack degree team. A fine entertainment has been arranged and a collection will be taken for the benefit of the poor. A surprise awaits all who attend. Every member of the order is invited. On Thursday night, Lincoln Council will hold their meeting. The entertainment committee has prepared a good program.

WALL STREET TO-DAY.

(Special from United Press.)

11 a. m.—Active speculative interests were again aggressive buyers of the market causing a further fluctuation of prices and a generally bullish feeling was created. Leading local interests were sellers of stocks, however, and before the end of the first hour a moderate reaction set in. Just around 11 o'clock there was a sudden selling movement in Inter-Borough Metropolitan and the proffered drop substantially. The market held up well in the face of this decline.

Noon—After Inter-Metropolitan broke to 39 buying orders from what appeared to be important sources caused a quick recovery of about half its previous loss. The rest of the market was fairly well held although price movements were limited generally to narrow fractions.

CASTORIA
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS

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(Continued from page 8.)

It was a very strange journey, and much note of them at the time, its details and surroundings burned themselves deeply into Rachel's mind. The hush of the infinite desert, the white moonlight gleaming upon the salt, white sand; the tall rocks which stood up here and there like unfinished obelisks and colossal statues; the snowy clouds of dust that rose beneath the feet of the company; the hoarse shouts of the guides, the close heat, the halts for water which were greedily swallowed in great gulps; the occasional cry and confusion when a man fell out exhausted, or because he had been bitten by one of the serpents. All these things, amongst others, were very strange.

Once Rachel asked vaguely what became of those out-works and snake-poisoned men, and Nole only shook her head in answer, for she did not think fit to tell her that they were left to find their way back, or to perish, as might chance.

All that night and for the first hours of the day that followed, they went forward swiftly, camping at last to eat and sleep in the shadow of a mass of rock that looked like a gigantic castle with walls and towers. Here they remained in the burning heat until the sun began to sink once more, and then went on again, leaving some of the bearers behind them, because there was no longer water for so many. There the great men set in a silent resignation and watched them go, they who knew that having little or no water, few of them could hope to see their homes again. Still, so great was their dread of the desert, that they never dared to murmur, or to ask that any of the stores of water should be given to them; they who were but cattle to be used until they died.

The second night's journey was like the first, for this desert never changed its aspect, and on the following morning they halted beneath another pile of fantastic, sand-burnished rocks, from some of which hung salt-like icicles. Here one of the bearers who had been denied water as a punishment for laziness, although in truth he was sick, began to suck the salt-icicles. Suddenly he went raving mad, and rushing with a knife at Eddo, Panl and Hana where they sat under their cane umbrellas that, for the sake of coolness, were damped with this precious water, he tried to kill them.

Then as they saw the knife gleaming, all their imperturbable calm departed from these dwarfs. They squeaked in terror with thin voices as rats squeak; they rolled upon the ground yelling to the slaves to save them from a "red death." The man was seized and, though he fought with all his giant strength, held down and choked in the sand. Once, however, he twisted his head free, howling a curse at them. Also he managed to hurl his knife at Eddo, and the point

of it scratched him on the hand, causing the pale blood to flow, a sight at which Eddo and the other priests broke into tears and lamentations, that continued long after the Umuksu was dead.

"Why are they such cowards?" asked Rachel, dreamily, for she had not seen the murder of the slave, and thought that Eddo had only scratched himself.

"Because they fear the sight of blood, Zoola," answered Nole, "which is a very evil omen to them. Death they do not fear who are already almost ghosts, but it is a red death, their souls are split with their life, or so they believe."

Towards noon that day the sky broke up with lurid-colored clouds, the sun which should have shone so hotly, went out, and a hush that was almost fearful in its heat and intensity, fell upon the desert. The Umuksu bearers became disturbed, and gathered together into knots, talking in low tones. Eddo and his brother priests who, either because of the adventure of the morning or the oppressive air, could not sleep, as was usual with them, were also disturbed. They crept from beneath their umppelas which, as the sun had vanished, were of no use to them, and stood together staring at the salty plain, which under that leaden and lowering sky looked white as snow, and at the brooding clouds above. They even sent for their bows to read in them pictures of what was about to happen, but there was no dew left, so these could not be used.

Then they consulted with the captains of the bearers, who told them that what magic was needed to guess that a mighty storm was gathering, and that if it overtook them in the desert, they would be buried beneath the start and rain. This was a "white death" which the dwarfs did not seem to desire, so they ordered an instant departure, instead of delaying the start until sunset, as they had intended, for then, if all went well, they would have arrived at their homes by dawn, and not in the middle of the night, so the litters were made ready, and they went forward through the overpowering heat, that caused the bearers to hang out their tongues and reel as they walked.

Towards evening the storm began to stir. Little wandering puffs of wind blew upon them and died away, and lightning flickered intermittently. Then a hot breeze sprang up that gradually increased in strength until the sand rolled and rippled before it, now one way and now another, for this breeze seemed to blow in turn from every quarter of the heavens. Suddenly, however, after trying them all it settled in the west, and drove straight into their faces with ever-increasing force. Now Eddo thrust out his head between the curtains of his litter and called to the bearers to hurry, as they had but a little distance of desert left to pass, after which came the grass country where there would be no danger from the sand. They heard and obeyed, changing the pole-gangs frequently, as those who carried the litters became exhausted.

But the storm was quicker than they; it burst upon them while they were still in the waste, though not in its full strength. Then the darkness came, utter darkness, for no moon or stars could be seen, and salt and sand drove down on them like hail. Through it all, the bearers

fought on, though how they found their way Nole, who was watching them, could not guess, since no landmarks were left to guide them. They fought on, blinded, choked with the salt sand that drove into their eyes and lungs, till man after man, they fell down and perished. Others took their places, and yet they fought on.

It must have been near to midnight when the company, or those who were left of them, staggered to the edge of that dreadful wilderness which was but a vast plain of stone and sand, bordered on the west as on the east by slopes of fertile soil. For a while the fierce tempest lifted a little, and the light of the stars which struggled through breaks in the clouds showed that they were marching down a steep descent of graveland. Thus they went on for several more hours, till at length the bearers of the litter in which were Rachel and Nole, who for a long time had been staggering to and fro like drunken men, came to a halt, and litter and all, sank to the ground utterly exhausted.

Rachel and Nole disentangled themselves from the litter, for they were hurt, and stood by it, not knowing where to go, till presently the litters containing the priests came up, for the third had been abandoned, and its occupant crowded in with Eddo. Now a great clamor arose in the darkness, the priests blaring commands to the surviving bearers to take up the litter and proceed. But great as was their strength, this the poor men could not do. There they lay upon the ground, answering that Eddo might curse them if he wished, or even kill them as their brothers had been killed, but they were unable to stir. Another step until they had rested and drunk. Where they were, there they must lie until rain fell. Then the priests wished Rachel to enter one of their litters, leaving Nole to walk, which they were afraid to do themselves. But when she understood, Rachel cut the matter short by answering:

"Not so, I will walk," and picking up the spear of one of the fallen Umuksu to serve as a staff, she took Nole by the hand and started forward down the hill.

One of the priests clasped her rope to draw her back, but she turned on him with the spear, whereon he shrank back into his litter like a snail into his shell and left her alone. So following the steep path they marched on, and after them came the two litters with the priests, carried by all the bearers who could still stand, for these old men weighed no more than children. From far below them rose a mighty sound as of an angry sea.

"What is that noise?" called Rachel into the ear of Nole.

"The sound of wind in the forest where the Tree-folk dwell," she answered.

(To be Continued.)

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